"TAKE YOUR PEN, WRITE QUICKLY." See page ii. of Cover.

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JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 475 SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1915. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this number see page 24.



Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Admonitions Now Munitions.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

BRITISH MUSEUM

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an Insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. Exactly similar benefits are given by our sister-journal *Everywoman's Weekly*. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND POST TO US THE WEEKLY COUPON WHICH WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK AFTER ITS RECEIPT BY US, AND MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY, OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

July 10 h. 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....*Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

July 10th. 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured.....

Address.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name.....*Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

HAD YOURS YET?
If not, don't delay.
Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. **July 10th, 1915.**

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 475. Week ending Saturday, July 10th, 1915. One Penny.

OUR GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for July 3rd, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 364,782 and 586,346.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"More Dirty Work."

The little game to "bring us down," at which we recently hinted, goes on merrily apace. Next week we may lift the veil.

Ramsay's Reply.

This is Ramsay Macdonald's answer to our charge of being a coward, a cur, and a traitor: "You find men who have been encamped on the threshold of the gaol for years now setting themselves up as the custodians of the Tower of London." If Ramsay had done a little more honest work in his time, he would know—as many of his late colleagues could tell him—that men who strike out lines of their own usually *do* live on the threshold of the gaol; but may we point out to the "honourable" member that there is a very simple way open to him of getting us past that threshold? The law of criminal libel is quite clear.

In a Mad-House.

By the way, addressing a small but select gathering of his followers the other day, Ramsay asked: "Am I in a mad-house?" It was rather a poser for the audience—but the correct reply is, of course, in the affirmative.

Those Bank Balances.

Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P., has been taking up our old subject of dormant bank balances and unclaimed securities, by means of a question to the new Chancellor of the Exchequer—only to receive the stereotyped official reply: "No steps could be usefully taken," and "all inquiries indicate very clearly that the popular idea of the amounts involved is very much exaggerated." We once asked Mr. Lloyd George, when *he* was in charge of the cash-box, "of whom have the inquiries been made?" And do you remember his delicious answer —"*of the bankers themselves*"! Oh dear us!

"Money Pictures" have caught on?

That "Thrift" Campaign.

You are told that you must not buy any new clothes whilst the war is on, but lend the money to the Government. What about the tailor, the bootmaker, the hatter, and the milliner? Are they to shut up shop, begging a living as best they can, turning their employees out of work and depriving the districts of the rates? Have you thought it over from that point of view?

Von Donop Must Go.

Bravo Dalziel, and bravo Markham, too! The Prime Minister must be wondering why he ever knighted these two candid critics. Certain it is that the medicine didn't "take." Dalziel's exposure of the Ordnance Department was particularly effective. Von Donop must go. A man with a name like that must not be in charge of our war supplies.

Clerical Thanks.

From a Lancashire Parson: "Many of us clerics take 'J.B.' regularly—a standing order—and fully endorse your strictures on those of us on whom *esprit de corps* forbids us ourselves to express our sentiments in public." *What* do they say about "What Lancashire thinks to-day"?

How They Love One Another!

As we were going on the stage of the Palladium the other Sunday night—and what a "house" it was!—the following note was put into our hands:—"Do say a good word for us Austrians to-night. We are a harmless crowd and English at heart. We hate the Germans and ever did so since 1866. I remember when I was a boy at school we used to sing: 'Es giebt nur eine Kaiserstadt, Es giebt nur ein Wien, Es giebt nur ein Räuber nest, Und das ist Berlin.' English people are as popular in Vienna and Budapest as your JOHN BULL. You are a power in this country and a word from you goes a long way." We have much pleasure in "saying a good word."

They All Took "Bull."

Miss Mary Clegg, of St. Augustine's Council Schools, Liverpool, was telling her scholars a little while ago that the National Anthem was written by a gentleman named John Bull. "I then noticed," she says, "a girl speak to her neighbours. I asked her what she said, and the answer was, 'Please, Miss Clegg, she said, "Father knows JOHN BULL and buys his paper every week."' The other girls laughed, then explanations followed, nearly every child in the class stating that her father took in your famous paper. 'So,' I added, 'do I.'" Our compliments to Miss Clegg, and may we express the hope that the children will be worthy of their fathers?

Another £100 to be won this week.

Job and Sam.

In the matter of patience there may be some difference between Unk Sam and Job, but if so we do not notice it on sight. While the leisurely von Bethmann-Hollweg is considering the last American note about the *Lusitania*, the precipitate von Tirpitz has whiled the idle hours away by sinking the *Armenian* with a number of Americans aboard. According to the newspapers, this has caused a "sensation in America." There have been sensations in America before and there may be sensations again; meanwhile, this one holds the field to such an extent that the London and Berlin Ambassadors have been turned on to inquire into the circumstances with all the assiduity due to the occasion, and if they are through with it and President Wilson finishes the arguments on the same before the Germhuns put them on another, they will have been quicker than usual. Meanwhile, the news from Washington is that "the President is suspending judgment," so that Unk Sam need not get excited. He can just resume his seat and stroke his chin-whisker in that contemplative spirit which so well suits his gentle, unresisting nature, while the President looks around for the old inkpot and cleans up the old quill in readiness to describe his heartfelt sentiments on the matter. It is an even chance that on or about Christmas Unk Sam will be thoroughly convinced that when the von Tirpitz kicks the American eagle in the neck it is either a horrible accident or an erroneous compliment, and that to have any angry words over the incident would be to create an unseemly disturbance in the diplomatic drawing-room.

The "Muddy-minded Minister."

The Rev. J. C. Davies, of the Baker Street Congregational Church, Enfield, whom we recently referred to as a "Muddy-minded Minister," ought to be dealt with in instalments, if we are to keep pace with the fatuous and insulting things he prints in his magazine. Not content with slandering the army and turning his back on members of his flock who joined it, he has a few words of malicious innuendo to level at the King. His Majesty's example in becoming an abstainer during the war does not meet with his approval, for he is a whole-hogger and would like us all forced to take the pledge for ever and for ever. What he dares to call "the weakness of the King's example," lies, he considers, "in the fact that it is for military purposes and for the duration of the war only, whereas the higher virtues that influence the world are practised for their own sake and often in the face of strong opposition and ignominy." The reference to his Majesty is a piece of wanton impertinence evidently characteristic of the man. No doubt it is for himself he claims those "higher virtues" that lead to "ignominy"—at which point he has certainly arrived.

A Necessary Hint.

The quality of many of the cigarettes sent to our soldiers at the front, out of money subscribed by the public, seems to be deplorable. Says a member of the North Irish Horse: "We get a decent quantity of cigarettes and tobacco issued to us, but they are not of the best quality—but, of course, beggars cannot be choosers. The way of it is, a subscription list is got up and a certain amount of money raised, and a firm gets an order to send so much tobacco and cigarettes to the soldiers. In fact, they sent any old rubbish; a soldier is hard pressed when he would smoke one of the cigarettes. Of course they are a free gift, and soldiers don't say anything, but it is not right that the public's money should be going to waste at the present time." We quite agree with our friend, and trust this hint may lead to a necessary reform.

"Waste Not, Want Not."

Part of a letter addressed to us by a Yorkshire public man may be considered. "We are told that £3,000,000 a day is being spent on the war, he says; "in my opinion £1,000,000 of it is being squandered." Then he goes on to describe what happens in the little township where he resides. Each soldier receives one pound of meat a day, in addition to bacon and other commodities. He does not want it; he cannot eat it; he must not sell it—and so he wastes it, or it is wasted for him. With his own eyes our correspondent has seen stones of uncooked meat, as fresh and wholesome as when it left the butcher, thrown out on to waste land in the neighbourhood. Only a few days ago he saw as fine a sirloin of beef as ever graced the best table in England thrown over the cliffs. Take a typical case of five men billeted in one house. Thirty-five pounds of beef is sent into that house every week. Where is there a family of five in all the realm of Britain that could consume 35 lbs. of meat, week in and week out, even if they could afford it? Yet, while every individual in the country is solemnly asked from the platforms by our leading statesmanship to cut down his meat diet, the War Office through red-tape regulations is wasting meat by thousands of pounds daily. The waste in bread rations is as bad. Wherever the military are stationed, the pigs are having a high old time.

Keep Them Moving!

The tenants of 27, Chancery Lane, are to be congratulated on having got rid of the noxious presence of the traitorous "Stop the War Committee" from their midst. We think they should next petition their landlords to give notice to quit to Mr. Scott Duckers, who harboured the precious "Committee" in his office and even had the audacity to display the information that his office was the "Committee's" headquarters. A man who can countenance such a movement at a time like this, when the country is calling up all its resources to inflict condign punishment upon the fiends who thrust this bloody war upon the world, is a disgrace to his race and no fit neighbour for decent Britons. The "Stop the War Committee" has found a fresh resting-place. We hope it will be temporary. Keep the beggars on the move. No patriotic landlord should tolerate them for five minutes on his premises—at *any* price. If they were not impotent in the face of the country's determination to prosecute the war to a satisfactory finish, they might be a menace to the Empire. So take their will for the deed, and keep them on the move. By the way, didn't we meet this Scott Duckers in the capacity of solicitor to one of our Anti-Gambling League friends?

Not Up to Dick.

The "Parish Magazine" of the Deanery of Oswestry contains a column of notes from the Parish of Whittington. One of them is headed "Whittington No More," as if in sorrow for the past. "The days of our existence as a quiet country parish are rapidly ending," it says, "and before another month has passed we shall already have experienced a considerable change through the advent of so many troops in our midst." Then comes the rub, "However unwelcome and inconvenient it may be"—and we suggest that Whittington deserves the "cat" for the insinuation that soldiers are "unwelcome." This parish has been so quiet in the past that it is not awake yet, and the sooner it sits up and takes notice of what is going on, the sooner will those soldier boys be the most welcome guests Whittington could ever hope to entertain. The parish must rise to the occasion and open its arms joyfully; Whittington must turn again!

"Bullets" Patriotic offer. Another 1,000 War Loan Vouchers as prizes. See page 32.

Dundonald's Destroyer.

More chat about Lord Dundonald's famous "Destroyer" comes echoing back to us all the way from Africa. The secret of his asphyxiating gas, with which he undertook totally to destroy a fleet in harbour, a town, or a whole army, has been jealously guarded, but is undoubtedly still in existence, somewhere safe in the pigeon-holes of the War Office. Dundonald's claim was that his gas provided "the infallible means of securing at one blow our maritime superiority and of thereafter maintaining it in perpetuity—of at once commencing and terminating a war by one conclusive victory. No power on earth can stand against its attacks." Two committees of experts reported on the invention and admitted it was all that was claimed for it, but concluded that it was too terrible, too inhuman in its effects, to use. It is quite clear that Britain does possess a secret device, if she could bring herself to use it, with which armies, fleets and fortresses could be annihilated in an hour. But there appears to be one weak spot. Its first application would reveal the simple secret to all the world. After we had got in the first blow, the Germans would be able to use the awful thing against us. So the probability is that Dundonald's invention will remain on the shelf. By the by, it is interesting to recall that, until the removal of the Kaiser from the list of Knights of the Garter, Dundonald was the last man to be so degraded, his name having been struck off the roll of the Bath on his conviction in 1814—mainly by the exertions of his political opponents—of fraudulent stock-jobbing. He was, however, subsequently cleared of the charge, and in 1847 his honours were restored.

Johannesburg.

32,000 citizens of Johannesburg called a mass meeting at the Town Hall and passed resolutions expressing horror at German outrages, binding themselves to make it unlawful for Germans to transact business in the City, and demanding that the South African Government should sequestrate the property of all enemies. The movement has caught on with enthusiasm, and Jo'burg means to see it through. The Committee is anxious to co-operate with the Anti-German League in London, and with all similar Leagues in any part of the Empire—for the feeling is that, unless the movement is made practically world-wide, German intrigue and finance can never be successfully rooted out. Any organisation in London or elsewhere willing to co-operate by adopting a similar name and a similar constitution is asked to work in harmony with our Johannesburg friends—who mean business. Letters from secretaries and responsible persons able to give information should be addressed to the Secretary, Petitioners' Committee, P.O. Box 2024, Johannesburg.

Who Said "Bomb"?

Co-operative delegates to the number of 430 attended the London branch meeting of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, one or two of the gentlemen being of a pronouncedly "peaceful" persuasion. When the matter of the purchase of an aeroplane arose, they made it quite evident that this was an affair in which they declined to co-operate. Mr. A. C. Burn, of West London, was quite sure the co-operative movement should not invest its money in instruments for the destruction of human life—nor for preserving the same, apparently. Mr. A. Barnes, President of the Stratford Society, would in no circumstances put up his hand for such a grant. He said some other things, to which the meeting refused to listen, and a cheery co-op. writes us with the gentle aspiration, "May he be the first in Stratford to receive a bomb!" But even a bomb could not drive sense into some heads.

South Africa.

That General Botha still has a hard row to hoe in South Africa is quite apparent. Some sections of the Dutch, especially the agriculturists of the back veldt, are in an unsettled state, and the usual underhanded intrigues are still proceeding. At Krugersdorp a thousand people met to protest against the anti-German rioting; Poutsma, the deportee who was made much of in this country by the Macdonald-Hardie group, delicately referred to the *Lusitania* as a "ship that had sunk," and money was collected for the rebels in camp. A Dutch paper froths in this way, just to show how the wind blows: "I see that in Warrenton a little girl is christened with the name of Rebellina Kemp. But look, that sent a wonderful secret thrill through the blood of my veins. To the mother I will give a true, warm Afrikander kiss"—provided, we suppose, father has no objection. What is needed to counteract German influence is the encouragement to emigration of the kind of Briton who goes to Canada in thousands. In South Africa there is a better living for men willing to work than in Canada at its best. That is what Johannesburg says.

Church Parade.

It must be difficult to arrive at a state of mind that can find objections to soldiers attending church. But the *Ripley Advertiser* rises to the occasion, clears all obstacles, and achieves the incomprehensible. The Ripley Home Guards were announced to attend Church Parade at the Wesleyan Chapel. Whereupon the thoughtful scribe, while admitting "it is a very nice thing to see a body of men attend any place of worship *en masse*," goes on to remark, "at the same time we do not quite see the relevancy." He says he does not wish to be "misunderstood," his "only objection" is that "there is no apparent connection with the military idea and the idea of religious worship." Surely the soldier has a soul to be saved; is he to be denied grace because he has the courage to bear arms? The soldier is prayed for in church; it is a quaint imitation of a mind that would suggest he be debarred from going to church to pray for himself. How unkind it is to rob a soldier of heaven because he gives the German—the other place!

Same Dog—Different Collar.

One of the latest funds organised to make an "urgent appeal" asks for money to provide disinfectors for "our troops in the fever-stricken fields." Taking an interest in such matters, we wrote to the organiser of the fund pointing out that, according to the returns sent to our Casualty Department, fever is practically non-existent in our lines, and asking for an explanation. It came—in the form of an alteration. "We have started this fund because the men are so terribly bitten and their clothes are all infected, and this steriliser is the quickest means of dealing with them." We know what the lady who sent the reply means, but having consulted a medical dictionary we have failed to trace the infliction indicated under the heading "zymotic disease." Perhaps we should have looked under the caption "zoological." It is hardly the thing to advertise our troops as "fever-stricken," and the marvel is that those who administer the Defence of the Realm Act have not noticed it.

Let Them *All* Come!

We have been much cheered by the hearty response to our invitation to civilians to seek our advice regarding the best way of serving the country during actual hostilities, and the troublous times which will follow the formal declaration of peace. We are gladly doing our best for them, as will be seen from the article which appears on page 20.

The "John Bull" Pen—hundreds of thousands in use and every user delighted.

Dare-Devils.

Dare-Devil Tootzer, well-known in the profession as the "World's Most Sensational Diver," has a brother who follows the same intrepid and acrobatic line of life. The brother, named Sydney Smith, threw up a profitable contract at the Bristol Exhibition and enlisted, after being once rejected for alleged weak eyesight. The second chapter of his story was laid in the attack near Hooge, where Corporal Sydney Smith was specially mentioned for throwing bombs so successfully that he killed 30 Germans and captured a machine-gun. And now commences Dare-Devil Tootzer's own story. He also has been rejected when he tried to enlist. He is 26, single, and stands 5 ft. 10½ ins. They said he had a dislocated knee, so he appealed to the War Office and was told that if he passed the doctor in Glasgow he would be accepted for the Flying Corps, as no doubt he would be useful as observer or bomb-dropper—just the very man, one would imagine. But the doctor said one knee is half-an-inch thinner than the other—and so the Dare-Devil was "cast" again. He feels it bitterly; he says he proposes to be a soldier, "not an artist's model," and that his knee is strong enough for anything, the very nature of his adventurous profession being proof. He is "ashamed to walk about." Our opinion, if it is any consolation to him, is that the shame rests with those who refuse the services of a man so willing and so splendidly adapted, physically and morally, to serve his country. We ask him to try again, and to keep on trying; he is a man we need.

The Recruiter's Reward.

A recruiting officer in North London, who had given up work as manager of a factory to do that which was more necessary for his country, successfully recruited a man from a certain office, thus creating a vacancy. This he filled by putting in his son, who is not quite fourteen, and was promptly summoned by some busy-body at the L.C.C. for the boy's non-attendance at school. The lad's education had by no means been neglected, for he was in Standard ex-VII. "If you will adjourn the case for a month," said his father, "he will be fourteen, and exempt." "I daresay!" was the Magistrate's needlessly sarcastic comment, and he, Mr. d'Eyncourt, imposed a fine of 4s., or five days' imprisonment. The amount is small, but the boy must go back to school, the work is disorganised, and an affront is put upon a good man doing good work in strenuous days. The Magistrate might have adjourned the case for one month without unduly stretching his conscience. It was so obviously the right thing to do that, of course, he did not do it.

Slavery in Oxfordshire.

"Judgment was entered for the plaintiff," is the recorded ending to a case at Oxford County Court; we would prefer that "judgment had been done on the plaintiff." He was a farmer, named Bradfield, of Manor Farm, Kennington, and he sued a farm labourer, who had worked for him for three years, for a week's wages in lieu of notice. The beggarly wage he had paid the man was "between 8s. and 10s. a week," and he claimed and was awarded 10s., because the man had suddenly left his employ and gone to another farm where, we are glad to hear, he is getting 15s. a week—little enough, heaven knows, but better than Bradfield's miserable "eight or ten." Some day, perhaps, masters will realise what a sin and a shame it is to starve a fellow creature's body and soul on eight shillings a week. And then to affect indignation and claim his "rights" because the man had dared to accept a few pence more elsewhere! What a pity it is the law should back up such a slave-driver by granting him "judgment"!

Peth Newydd yn y Bala.

Gyda gofid yr ydym yn—some people inexpert in the more foreign languages may think at first sight that we have taken to Germhun. As a matter of fact here beginneth in *Yr Wythnos a'r Eryr*, a Welsh paper, a yarn about the landlord of the "White Lion" Hotel, at Bala, in North Wales. Utterly teetotal as to Irish or Scotch, we have but a small acquaintance with Welsh; what we make out of it is that our pious contemporary has to announce with the greatest regret "a thing which has never happened in memory on the Sabbath in Bala." It seems "one could not have conceived of such a thing happening in these days of enlightenment as horses being taken into the field to cut hay on the Lord's Day, and this within the precincts of the town and almost adjoining the church. It astonishes us and the whole countryside—and the gentleman to whom we allude is Mr. Owen." Think of a man staggering a whole countryside "in these days of enlightenment" because, being short of labour, and his horses being in great demand, he has to take the only available opportunity of getting in his crops. According to one local gentleman, it is a wonder the Lord did not send lightning to kill the horses and smash the machine. Probably the Lord was too busy watching the local deacons snore the Sabbath afternoon away.

Southampton Sentences.

At Southampton Police Court a man engaged on Government work, who did not feel like doing anything that day, was charged because he interfered with a mate who was getting on with his job, with the result that the real worker was so knocked about that he had to be taken to the Infirmary, where his cheek and chin were sewn up. According to the prosecution, "nothing more outrageous could be imagined," and Mr. Thomas, Chairman of the Bench, describing the attack as a very serious one, gave its perpetrator a month's hard. The same Mr. Thomas was on the Bench when a railway porter was brought up for making statements contrary to the Defence of the Realm Regulations. The young fool admitted that he had said certain stupid things, in an hotel bar, justifying some of the worst crimes of the Germans, but he said it was wild, irresponsible chatter, and "not intended to be insulting to King or country"—though it undoubtedly was. He received three months' hard labour. A month for him and three months for the man of violence—just a transposition of the sentences—would have looked more like justice.

German Music Taboo.

For very many years too much of our music has been made in Germany; British musicians have been forced to disguise their nationality and adopt Teutonic names before the public could be induced to listen to them, and publishers and printers of music have been far too tolerant of the unclean thing in their midst. A firm doing a big trade in this country, Augener Limited, had an issued capital of 36,007 shares. Before the war 35,000 of those shares were held by a German subject resident here, but, last October, 20,000 shares were transferred by him to persons who are said to be British subjects or naturalised British subjects. The Board of Trade has now appointed an Inspector of the Company under the Trading with the Enemy Act. One thing that should be made clear is whether the transfer of shares is a genuine transaction, or merely an arrangement "for the duration of the war." Meanwhile, people should buy no music issued by German or Austrian houses. Whatever may be the legal aspect, it is a very actual form of "trading with the enemy." British music and British publishers, if you please.

Big Cash prize for character reading—see this week's "Everywoman's Weekly."

A Defendant's Protest.

It is not often that a defendant, fined for an alleged offence, complains that the amount imposed was inadequate. But Mr. Ernest Dodge, of Trowbridge, while strenuously denying his guilt, makes the point that to mulct him in £2 was insufficient punishment if he had done the thing laid to his charge. He was summoned for assaulting a boy by smacking him, and it appeared in evidence that the youth did bear some bruises. Mr. Dodge's story is that he ran after the boy because he suspected him of stealing his flowers, that he caught the lad by his tunic, but did not strike him; "and," he says, "my oath is more to me than a fine or 40 fines." He accounts for the bruises by a bicycle accident in which the boy previously figured. The Magistrate, remarking that there were enough atrocities on the Continent, imposed the fine stated. Unfortunately for Mr. Dodge, there were two women who swore they saw him strike the lad, and the Bench evidently took the view that two oaths are more than one. Mr. Dodge assures us that his statement is uncoloured truth, and is aggrieved that any action of his should be compared to "Continental atrocities," compounded for by dubbing up forty shillings

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Sweet Stuff.

A confectioner, who has no wish to avoid payment of any just debts, has yet scrupled to settle a small account from Messrs. Stollwerck, the German chocolate makers. He would willingly give the money to the Red Cross Fund, but hates to think that it will ultimately go into the pockets of the enemy, so he has let the matter slide. To his amazement, he has just received a demand for payment coming from the Manufacturing Confectioners' Alliance, Ltd., the directors of which concern include members of leading British firms. The demand closes with a request for one shilling for "expenses," a charge which is quite irrecoverable and should never have been claimed. But the striking feature of the affair is the spectacle of a number of first-class British traders, banded together, setting forth on an expedition to obtain a sum of money due to an alien enemy firm. W. S. Gilbert, in his wildest flight of fancy, never imagined a more fantastic situation.

Horrors of the War.

War has more horrors than we wot of. In Toronto, a Methodist Conference has unanimously passed a resolution "seriously fearing" the results from the "wholesale manner in which response is being made to the pressure of certain interests in sending tobacco and kindred supplies to the soldiers, knowing that many whose lips were pure before have been led to the habit, which otherwise might have been avoided." We are willing to make a bargain with the Pure-Lip Methodists of Toronto. If they will enlist for the front, we will undertake to forward to them, in lieu of tobacco and cigarettes, a suitable supply of soothing syrup and chewing gum to keep them chaste and holy.

A Tip for Sir Thomas.

Having regard to his family connections, Sir Thomas Barclay—the barrister and well-known authority on international law—might put to himself the question whether his position on the Committee of the French Relief Fund is altogether desirable. Doubtless Sir Thomas is a hard and anxious worker for the success of the cause; but in view of such connections, we suggest to him that he should retire from the Committee. He will understand that objection is not taken to him on personal grounds, but his presence on the Committee is undoubtedly a hindrance to its good work.

Claiming His Man.

The Brentford magistrates were plainly non-plussed by an Uxbridge case that came before them, the Chairman quite failing to understand or to appreciate the proceedings of Walter James Hutchings, printer and publisher, of Vine Street, Uxbridge, who asked to have his apprentice delivered up to him by the Middlesex Regiment. The young man, aged eighteen, had enlisted without his master's permission, and that gentleman required his body—and his soul. The perplexed Chairman told Hutchings he was putting his convenience before the country's need, and that it was "hardly the thing" for an employer to prevent a young man doing his duty. He went further; he said he was astonished at such proceedings being taken, and asked, "If we do not win this war, what is your business to be worth? This young man is doing his utmost where so many fail, and you persist in your application!". Hutchings did insist, and the Bench were legally bound to order that gallant young apprentice out of the Army and back to the type-shop. Hutchings was once Chairman of the Uxbridge Council; he is a J.P. and quite accountable for his actions. The magistrates failed to bring him to reason, so it is idle to appeal to his patriotism when he thinks his pocket is concerned, and we leave him to the judgment of his townsmen.

A Plymouth University.

The "education" of our young hopefuls is a matter of concern to State, parents, and children, and the standing and qualifications of persons who set up to be teachers are of first importance. In the matter of Civil Service examinations the preparation paid for should be efficient beyond dispute, and it is refreshing, though rather surprising, to find an advertiser who says, "We guarantee a pass to all male students who take our course of training." Such a guarantee is a bold thing to give, because it covers the competence of the pupil as well as of his teacher—but it is given, in their advertisements, by Hill's University, of Plymouth, who train young fellows for positions as boy artificers, dockyard apprentices and writers, and naval writers. It would be interesting to learn the grounds upon which Mr. Hill bases this "guarantee" of his, this certainty to pass if you take the course of training supplied by his "university," which, by the way, we believe until recently called itself, rather more modestly, "Hill's Academy." Mr. Hill makes a big boast; to justify it he should also publish a list of his students who have passed into H.M. Dockyard School at Devonport.

Corporation and Co-operation.

Glasgow has a fine tram service, and the city, whose motto is "Let Glasgow Flourish," plumes itself on the fact that this service has flourished and paid its way without the aid of advertisements, which have never been permitted on the cars. Never, that is, until now—for hanging in the cars is a bunch of leaflets, with the wheedling adjuration, "Please Take One." When you take one you find it is a full-page advertisement for the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society, begging you to "patronise the store nearest your home," and pointing out its cheap lines in food, furniture, clothing, and so on. That is the Co-op. side of the bill; the other side dates from the City Chambers, and is an official notice about "Music in the Parks." Glasgow tradesmen resent this civic patronage of the mammoth store, and wonder why this preference should be given to their detriment. Rivalry and fair competition are all in the game, but we fail to see why a big concern should be bolstered up in the City's cars where other tradesmen would not be allowed to advertise in any circumstances.

Zeppelins may come again—have you signed *your* Free Insurance Coupon? See page ii of cover.

THE BEAST WE HAVE TO SLAY.

THE UNCLEAN THING OF EUROPE TO BE DESTROYED—THE UNCHANGEABLE PRUSSIAN.

The German is the Unclean Thing of Europe—and the purpose of the present war is to wipe him off the face of the earth. All else is detail. That is the job we have on hand; that is the trust which has been committed to us. And we shall not fail—despite the pious piffle of Eton's Headmaster, and the sententious sophistries of Ramsay, the ex-school teacher—now drawing £400 a year from the impoverished tax-payer for insulting and corrupting the House of Commons with his presence.

Then as Now.

There is a French aphorism—"The more it changes, the more it is the same thing," and that describes the German. As he was in the beginning, he is now and ever will be—base, brutal, bloody; callous, cruel, coarse and calculating; lustful, greasy, windy; thick-skinned, guttural, beery; greedy, grasping and grovelling. *That* is the beast we have to fight; *that* is the beast we have to slay. What he is to-day, he was a hundred years ago, or, for that matter, five hundred or a thousand years ago. He is *in* but not *of* our time. Politically, he has not progressed beyond the Middle Ages; from a military point of view, he has scarcely reached the level of the Feudal system; in his treatment of women, he is still in the Dark Ages; whilst as regards honour and chivalry to the weak, he has not left the Age of Stone. Attila the Hun was a gentleman compared with him. Take any period of history and look at the beast—you will find him always the same. Did you ever read the diary of Lady Shelley, written after her visit, with the Duke of Wellington, to the places occupied by the Prussians before Waterloo? "We visited the Chateau de Montmorenci—a most beautiful spot completely destroyed by the Prussians . . . the deserted hall desecrated by the removal even of its pavement. The gilded chairs were stacked to form bedsteads for the dirtiest of the human race; and here and there they were heaped together for firewood. The splendid mirrors which had once adorned those fine rooms were cracked in every direction."

Remarkable Parallels.

Sounds a familiar story, doesn't it? But to get a true idea of the nature of this half-bred Teuton—for, as any zoologist or ethnologist will tell you, he is nothing more—you must go back, not a hundred, but a thousand years. Let us take a few extracts from standard works, like Thierry's "Norman Conquest," and other recognised authorities—substituting, in brackets, here and there, the name of the nation corresponding to the circumstances of the day. Read this, for instance:—

> Bodies of the soldiers went over the neighbouring country plundering and burning the houses. The English (Belgians), fled from their dwellings, and flocked to the churches and churchyards, which they thought the most secure asylum from enemies who were Christians like themselves. But the Normans (Germans), being resolved to gain, made but little account of the sanctity of places, and respected no asylum.

And now compare it with the following extract from the Report of the Belgian Committee.—

> The Landsturm has not even respected in the churches and religious establishments the altars which had hitherto been spared: for instance, in the St. Joseph College and in the Chapel of the Picpus Institute members of the clergy, with Mgr. Ladeuze, Head of the Louvain University, Mgr. de Becher, Head of the American College, were sent towards Brussels. Several of them, Father Depierreux, a Jesuit, to name one, were shot on the road. All had to endure severe torture.

Let us take this account of the address of William of Normandy to his troops.—

> At the moment when the troops were about to advance, William, raising his voice, thus addressed them: "Remember to fight well and put all to death: for if we conquer we shall all be rich. Know that I am not come here only to obtain my right, but also to avenge our whole race for the felonies, perjuries, and treacheries of these English. Come on then and let us with God's help chastise them."

And then read these words, spoken at various times during the war by the Kaiser:—

> Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Gain a reputation like the Huns under Attila. . . . Soldiers! remember that you are the chosen people. The spirit of the Lord has descended upon me because I am Emperor of the Germans. Let all the enemies of the German people perish. God demands their destruction; God, who by my mouth commands you to execute His will. . . . Walk over French's contemptible little army.

Here, too, is an illuminating quotation:—"William called himself King; sometimes with perfect frankness, King by the edge of the sword"—which seems to match the declaration of the Kaiser, "I am the instrument of the Most High. I am His Sword, His Viceroy." And here is an even more remarkable parallel:—

Their chief kept as his own share all the treasure . . . the gold plate and ornaments and everything rare and precious that could be found in the shops.	The Crown Prince broke open all glass cases in the gallery of the Chateau de Baye, stole arms, unique jewels, medals, precious vases, gold cups. He carried away ikons, tapestry and miniatures.

Just one more illustration: "The monasteries which had escaped the ravages of the Danish

pagans," says William of Malmesbury, "were profaned and burned." Think, as you read these words, of Rheims Cathedral—for 700 years the sanctuary of France!

And let our survey conclude with the words of Robert of Gloucester: "The days of William were days of sorrow—*and many thought his life too long.*"

THE GERMAN AT HOME.

And now, dropping ancient history, let us look at the beast as we find him at the present day, in his home life. What a study he is! "Home life," did we say? He *has* no home life; everything with him is outward and artificial; the very sanitary arrangements of his "home" resemble those of a pigsty; there is no individual self-respect—all individuality is submerged in the State slavery into which he is born. At his elementary schools the boys are sneaks, and the masters are spies. Not only is self-help not inculcated—it is positively forbidden; everything is "reported"—everything is *verboten*. Hence the children, trained as mere brute creatures, develop, with age, into bullies. The mothers and daughters hold light views of the institution of marriage and regard with complaisance those moral laxities which shock civilised peoples. There are no sports to speak of, and both at the schools and at the Universities hatred of England is propagated; not because of any real ground of enmity, but simply on account of envy in respect of our commerce, wealth and Empire. The University students are a loathsome, contemptible caste. Their disgusting beer orgies and their comic duels—in which, while gashing each other's faces (or, when nobody is looking, their own), they take care not to endanger their lives—are part of their "training." Their professors are crammed with dry, bloodless "knowledge," but are utterly devoid of wisdom and of all that makes for nobility of character. The universities are State institutions and the professors are State officers, so that no man may write or say anything not officially approved. Both in the army and in the students' corps the same caste spirit, of the most tyrannical character, prevails. Their filthy carousals are tolerated as a national institution, otherwise their whole life is a mere submission to tyranny. The "educated" classes despise religion; the working classes hate it. Social democracy declaims against every faith. The Lutheran Church is a Civil Service department. Woman is regarded as a plaything and a drudge. In matters of sex, the rich prey upon the poor in the most open and revolting manner. There is no public opinion to protect the girls of the middle and working classes. The arrogant brutality of the army officers is notorious. Shelley might well speak of "the disgusting Germans."

THE EXPLANATION.

We naturally ask ourselves, why the evolution of civilisation has failed to reach this people. The answer must be that, for the last fifty years, all their teachers have been preaching a crusade of brute force, based upon a foundation of blasphemous egoism, Nietzsche—who died insane—preaching the doctrine as applied to the individual, and Treitschke as applied to the State. Their war system of "frightfulness" is the logical outcome of the teachings of these two creatures. Lying and spying have been elevated to the dignity of statecraft. International treaties have become "scraps of paper," as they were to their national hero, the so-called Frederick the Great. Their reptile press is supported mainly by State subsidies, and filthy advertisements. According to their own statistics there are in Germany every year over 9,000 cases of rape, as compared with 200 for the United Kingdom. Snobs to the backbone, they have an insatiable hunger for titles and decorations; and so indiscriminately is the honour of the Iron Cross bestowed that it has been wittily said that whereas in former times the thief was nailed on the cross, nowadays the cross is pinned on the thief! In short, Germany is the nigger of Europe, and must be treated as a lower type of mankind. And of him it may be said, as was said of the ancient Jews: "Ye are of your father the Devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it."

WON'T YOU HELP?

Such is the beast we have to destroy. Won't *you* come and help us to do it? Surely it is well worth the fight. The question is, shall the Anglo-Saxon or the mongrel Teutonic race lead in the van of human evolution? Shall the principles of freedom and enlightenment or of Blood and Iron, rule the world? We have said before, and we repeat, that this is the stock-taking of the world. Are we worthy of our great trust? Do we realise the ideals for which we are struggling? Shall the Cross of Christ or the Cross of Iron rule the world? *That* is the question. The more we think of it, the more are we convinced that we are on our trial. Never mind the seas of blood and tears—the anguish and the sorrow. God's ways are not our ways. "He moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." And He is moving to-day. Won't you move with Him? If you fail to do so, you will be left behind. And then, God help you! He will never give you such a chance again. Your mission to-day is to rid Europe of the Unclean Thing—*that* is the beast you have to slay. Till it is got rid of the march of human progress will be retarded. Our race is slowly but surely approaching the last mile-stone of its destiny, and when that is passed and we commence our march to the divine goal we must not be impeded by the Huns. Otherwise we shall assuredly be sent back. The Gates of God will be closed in our faces, for the Realms Beyond are for those who have shaken off the Devil. The German is an unhealthy, malignant excrescence upon the human species. The war has served as an X-ray, to reveal its character. There is no treatment possible; it must be cut right away—and the British bayonet is the instrument for the operation—after the beast has been anæsthetised by our asphyxiating gas. Come, brave Britons—*to the slaughter.*

JOHNSON-WILLARD FIGHT.

JACK SAYS IT WAS CROOK, AND CLAIMS 50,000 DOLLARS—REMARKABLE CABLES—OUR DEMAND.

We are sorry we have to return to our old friend, Jack Johnson, of whom we hoped we had taken a final farewell after, *as we thought*, he had been genuinely deprived of the Championship title by Willard in April last. To show that we were not actuated by any kind of malice towards the negro, we reproduce the "Open Letter" which was addressed to him in our issue dated the 17th of that month.

> DEAR JACK,—I need not remind you that we have not been very good friends in the past, but, all the same, I feel that I should like to congratulate you upon the sporting spirit in which you have taken your defeat; and now that we have at last secured a white Heavy-weight Champion, may I suggest that you should confine your future attention to boxers of your own colour and leave the White Championship alone? Then we shall all wish you luck, and endeavour to forget your little peccadillos of the past.

But Johnson evidently *cannot* go straight; and we now put before our readers certain further facts, which will satisfy them that this man should not any longer be tolerated in our country. They refer to his recent fight with Willard, and whilst throwing grave doubt upon the genuineness of the contest, prove conclusively that Johnson is a man who should be "warned off" from the ring. We are not entitled to say that there was any compact with Willard. It may be that so far as he is concerned the affair was straight and above board, and that he fought in ignorance of the sordid bargain to which Johnson pleads guilty; but in view of what we are about to disclose, some explanation from him would certainly appear to be desirable, and we need scarcely say that our columns are open to him for the purpose.

WILLARD "A JOKE"!

We are not aware of the date upon which Johnson reached England after the fight, but he could not have been here long before he was busy formulating claims for having agreed to "lay down" to Willard, whom he describes, from the boxing point of view, as merely "a joke," and offers to fight for a side bet of "twenty five thousand"—presumably dollars—the winner to take "all and purse money." These admissions and challenges are contained in certain cables sent to New York early in June. We do not, for obvious reasons, at present disclose the name of the person to whom they were addressed, especially in view of the fact that he repudiates having been party to any such dishonest arrangement as that suggested—although, of course, Johnson cannot escape from his self-confessed fraud.

REMARKABLE CABLES.

The first cable was dispatched from London on June 9th, and this is how it reads:—

> *You signed contract to pay me fifty thousand dollars to lay down to Willard, which I did. You never kept your promise. I did. Now you must pay according to contract. Litigate all you like. I will put my case before any Court and Press in the world.* (*Signed*) JACK JOHNSON.

We do not know the exact terms of the reply which Johnson received, but it is obvious from his next message that it was not of a satisfactory character, and that his demand was characterised by a somewhat ugly name. For on June 11th we find him wiring again:—

> *Blackmail proposition ridiculous. Want payment first money taken. Willard as fighter, Joke. If you confidence his ability to beat me will bet twenty-five thousand. Winner take all and purse money.*
>
> (*Signed*) JOHNSON.

Now, as we have so often said, we have no desire to pursue unduly this dusky gentleman, but we do call upon him to clear himself, if he can, of this latest scandal—or to clear out.

OUR PREVIOUS EXPOSURE.

When we exposed him before, he first challenged us to come and fight him—which is not in our line; then he offered to stake £200 against a similar sum from us if we could prove the genuineness of the documents which we reproduced. To this we replied to the effect that we would lodge £2,000 against his £200 and forfeit it if we failed to substantiate our charges. But this did not suit Jack. So, next, he issued a writ for libel against us—subsequently allowing the action to drop.

It will be remembered that we charged him with having endeavoured to square the fight, in Paris, with Moran; and that we reproduced a document signed by him, and by which he agreed to allow Moran a certain percentage of the gate money provided he "laid down" within eight rounds. The scheme, however, did not work. Johnson had got hold of the wrong man in Dan McKetrick, Moran's manager, whose instructions to his "boy" was to go in and win—with the result that he went through the twenty rounds, much to the surprise of "Jack," who was constantly calling on him to give in.

A BLACK DIAMOND.

As we have said, we have no colour prejudice. We do not forget that prince of the Ring—the acme of all a sportsman, black or white, should be—Peter Jackson; and if Johnson had only taken Peter as a model of what a real champion should be, we would have forgiven him much, and held out the glad hand to him; but he really is impossible—and he must go.

OUR DEMAND.

We therefore now call upon every recognised boxing club and authority in the world to rid the grand old sport of this menace to its good name. All our proofs are at their disposal. Boxing is the white man's sport. Let us keep it clean. So long as the game was played straight we put up with the taunt of having no white champion; and we freely acknowledged the negro's skill. If he has lost the title it is his own fault; but never again must he be allowed to seek it back. Jack Johnson is finished.

A BAS THE COAL BUGS.

CALLOUS COALOWNERS COINING CASH.

Whether or not it be that the Board of Trade walks by faith and not by sight, as is the normal way of State Departments governed by professional politicians, the President thereof is a shocking long time in laying hold of the coal bugs. One of the queerest phenomena of these days of war is the leisurely way responsible Ministers dawdle at the windows of their offices, with their hands in their pockets, watching the public being plundered in the necessities by which they live. We say plundered, because it is evident that much of the rise in coal, meat, wheat, and articles of everyday use is plunder of the deepest dye, which flourishes only because Ministers allow it to continue with impunity. In Germhuny, the coalowners would have had a pistol put at their heads and told to stand and deliver months ago. Mr. Runciman is messing about with diplomatic phrases while they are making their new contracts at artificially inflated prices. The time for soft words has long passed. The coal ring has got to be smashed, and smashed, too, at the place where the fleecing begins. If the coalowners insist on wringing their shameless profits out of the poor and those lower-middle classes who are rapidly becoming almost as poor as the poor, then the obvious business of Mr. Runciman is to clear them out bag and baggage, commandeer the whole supplies, and hand out to them such profits as equity, not plunder, demands.

CUNNING CUPIDITY.

We hear of a Northumberland colliery that is busy stacking thousands of tons of coal in a field. Do not imagine the purpose is to provide a picturesque addition to the landscape; do not think the owners are refusing to sell the black diamonds at present because their ultimate object is to give them away. The scheme is far different, according to the tale that tickles our ear. They are hoarding up the coal and decorating the field with it because, "in a fortnight the Government will pay at the rate of ten shillings per ton more." That is what is said by the miners who retrieved the coal from the bowels of the earth, and they bitterly resent as a national disgrace this cunning cupidity "which causes hardship to our wives and children." On the facts laid before us, we are afraid it is a true bill.

"AND THE NEXT, PLEASE?"

The method of dealing with some of the other *chevaliers d'industrie* is not so easy. Meat and bread are more illusive commodities for a Government to lay hold of with a view to regulating prices, retail and wholesale. But a much more strenuous effort can be made to protect the public than Ministers are making at present and which the internal situation demands. Everybody with anything to sell for fire, light, food, drink, external lubrication, or washing, seems to be keeping himself awake o' nights for hours thinking out thundering lies and plausible excuses for putting up the price of something or other. If it is not shop eggs it is firewood, and if it is not firewood it is the cup that cheers but does not splice the main brace; and all the while the Board of Trade does nothing except rear on its hind legs and tell the multitude that if it wouldn't eat and drink so much, things would be cheaper all round than skinned cat. Five minutes before or five minutes after this appears in print, the ruminating Runciman will probably be explaining the fire-and-food question once more in all its bearings to an enthralled audience in the House.

THE PART OF THE GOOD CITIZEN.

Through all, and in spite of all, we retain our optimism. Even if Ministers fail us, we shall not withdraw our trust in Providence. Between whiles we shall try to comport ourselves like a good and obedient citizen—on the one hand retrenching our stomachic needs in accord with the advice of Mr. Runciman in order to bring down the price of fuel and fodder, and on the other taking the advice of Mr. Asquith to save our ha'pence in order to buy War Loan; so that if Mr. Lloyd George will only be light with the taxes, and the landlord lets us off half the rent, and the municipal authorities forget to call for the rates, we may do well after all in that state of life to which we are called.

A CRAZY CRANK.

ASTONISHING PERFORMANCE BY A LIVERPOOL PASTOR.

Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, is the edifice that produced Dr. Aked, who shook the dust of Britain from his feet and settled down in New York, at a large salary. The platform of Pembroke Chapel is now graced by the presence of the Rev. Donald B. Fraser, a pastor of similar breed to Dr. Aked, if we may judge from his utterances in his monthly magazine, *Plain Truth*. He clamours for "peace," at any price, on any terms, because there is nothing between us and Germany, according to his point of view, except a "misunderstanding." Germany seems to be right in quarrelling with France, because France is simply fighting for revenge—the *Nation* has said so, its correspondent has heard it openly discussed in France, and that settles the question so far as Mr. Fraser's convictions are concerned. Everybody is wrong—except Germany. There was no real cause for war, because "Austria consented to Russia's conditions in regard to Serbia." This is astonishing news, but Mr. Fraser's history is most marvellously muddled. Yet it is on such astounding misstatements, misreadings of fact, and ignorance of political affairs that he founds his demand for peace. And he pleads, "The pacifist is not the fool or traitor or rogue he is commonly made out to be." If he is not one of the three, then what on earth is he?

Mr. Fraser is no believer in fighting, even for the purpose of defence. He quotes, with approval, a letter from "one of his young men," who writes, "There must be many, who, like myself, shrink at the very thought of taking up arms even against the 'wicked Germans.'" He is conscious that his opinions are unpopular, but he glories in them all the more. He positively sighs for martyrdom. "Am I," he asks, "of more than international consequence? Is the price that can be put upon my head one that can be calculated, or am I incalculable—priceless?" We might return him a very short answer, eminently truthful, but not flattering to his breathless vanity. We prefer to quote his own words: "I have been told by anonymous correspondents several times since I came to Liverpool that I ought to be in Hell." It is nothing to boast of, but he appears to coincide in the opinions so forcibly expressed about Hell being his rightful place of sojourn, for his next remark is, "I shall certainly one day be put there." It may be so; Mr. Fraser must be a good judge of his ultimate destination, but it is one more thing about which there is surely small occasion to boast. Still, if he accepts it as a fact, we have not the heart to say him nay.

That nameless crime of the Hun, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, arouses no anger in this man, whose blood must be water and whose liver must be white. It was to him "a voice from the deep Atlantic . . . to tell England once more that a deathless kinship binds the whole of humanity together . . . There are no aliens except to our narrow and reasonless partisanship." And he says, "I am personally thankful that I have got some better ground of faith and optimism than the stability of the British Empire." . . . "If I am nothing more than a Briton, then you may drown me or hang me. It doesn't matter."

We remember that statement about the pacifist being a fool, or traitor, or rogue, and we ask our readers whether this Mr. Fraser should not rank under at least one of these heads.

HOSPITAL ETIQUETTE.

"THE CANKER OF RED-TAPE."

Here is a letter from a London doctor:—

> I telephoned this morning to the Middlesex Hospital to enquire for a patient who was to have been operated on to-day. The reply was a query: "Have you got permission to enquire for a patient on the telephone?" I had not. "Well, unless you have, we are not allowed to give any information." Subscribers to the hospital, please note.

What says the patient? Even although he doesn't pay the piper, he might be allowed a say in the tune.

£100 for only 12 Picture Solutions—weekly contests. See page 30.

BRIDE MURDERS MADE EASY.

DON'T INTERFERE WITH LIBERTY—BUT RENDER WHOLESALE CRIME IMPOSSIBLE.

A jury has just found that George Joseph Smith murdered Bessie Mundy. Some years ago another jury of presumably equal intellgence was satisfied that she had died in a natural manner. A third jury came to the same conclusion as regards Alice Burnham, and yet another concerning Margaret Lofty. The last-named jury did not know that brides one and two had died in their baths, nor did Alice Burnham's tribunal know of Bessie Mundy. With considerable skill Inspector Neil unravelled Smith's life while he was detained on the charges, first of making a false declaration for marriage, then bigamy, then murder. The bigamist-murderer is a criminal to whose methods our law peculiarly lends itself, and Smith is by no means the first man who has committed a series of bigamies and murders. The names of Crossman and Deeming will occur to most people, and their images will be found in the appropriate place at Madame Tussaud's. But Smith's method was bold and original—perhaps too original to bear repetition. If he had varied it, he might still have been at large, free to continue his professional livelihood of murder-bigamy.

A few years ago one Witshoff committed bigamy once every few weeks with any foolish middle-aged woman with a little money whom he came across; he robbed his victims or cajoled them out of their money, but did not murder. Severino Klosowski married and killed one woman after another; he was not a bigamist—for the same reason as the cannibal who ate all his wives save one was no longer a polygamist. Neil Cream murdered an unknown number of women with strychnine capsules; when the public learnt that all had been duly certified it was a little alarmed, but the appointment of a Select Parliamentary Committee sent it to sleep again. That Committee found that the system of death certificates and coroner's inquests was extremely defective in preventing foul play, and made recommendations for drastic reforms; but though this all happened over twenty years ago, practically nothing has been done.

THE NATIONAL REGISTER.

As regards bigamy, the remedy is simple, and is actually going to be adopted as a temporary measure for other and more urgent reasons. But, as Mr. Long's Bill is framed, the National Register is to be scrapped after the war. While it lasts, if it is properly worked in conjunction with the established registers of births, deaths and marriages, bigamy should be impossible, or at least extremely dangerous; for the man who applies for the licence will at once be identifiable as the registered husband of a registered living wife. The National Register is, or ought to be, the nation's stock-taking record of human assets. Its existence need not curb an Englishman's liberty in the least—if Mr. Brown chooses to become Mr. Jones he can do so; even if Mr. Smith with a fine establishment and a Mrs. Smith in Manchester is identical with Mr. Jones, the apparent spouse of Mrs. Jones in London, the Register need tell no tales to outsiders, if properly worked. But, properly worked, it should hamper the criminal and impostor at every turn, in addition to finding for the Government their square war pegs now reposing in round peace holes. The right man will be wanted for the right place, even after the war; if the Register goes, politicians will, as before, plead that there is no machinery to find him, and appoint their nephews. So the politicians will scrap the Register, and the professional bigamist, after his interval of business, will cordially shake hands with him.

A National Register can only be indirectly useful in preventing murder; to the extent that it prevents bigamy, it guards the woman of middle age with a little money, the usual victim; for as a rule she will surrender neither purse nor person without the marriage ceremony. But multiple murderers of the Cream type require further measures. Doctors must no longer be allowed to certify that people are dead, without viewing their corpses. The mere fact that they may now lawfully do so shows the possibilities of abuse. To-day there are certified corpses walking about cheerfully. The murderer, armed with his victim's death certificate, is on the right side of the law; the soothing verdict of the coroner's jury is an even more solid shield for him.

The whole procedure of inquest needs overhauling; a reluctant and impatient jury have the repulsive task of viewing the body, which has been proved useless. Any member of the jury should, of course, have the right to view the body, which is a different matter. When viewed, the body is clothed, which once led a jury to say that a boy who had had his thighs "beaten to a jelly" had died of heart disease! Coroners are now very independent in their methods, and vary from one another even more than County Court judges. One coroner will hold ten inquests to another's one. Some time ago a case was found containing an ancient Egyptian mummy, and, after a solemn inquest, the verdict was that it was a corpse without doubt, but there was nothing to show the cause of death!

THE DOCTOR'S DIFFICULTY.

At present, a doctor who attends a case and suspects foul play may take one of two courses; he may either notify the coroner, and thus infuriate the relatives of the deceased and lose them and all their friends as patients, or he may hold his tongue, give his certificate, and ask for a generous fee, which will probably be paid with mutual compliments. If he conscientiously insists on viewing a body before certifying death, he must do so at his own expense, for no one has any duty to pay him.

The French, whose domestic law is fifty years ahead of ours, have a system by which an entirely independent doctor—the *medecin verificateur*, as he is called—views the body and takes charge of the situation, having the last word as to a *post-mortem*. The family physician can, if suspicious, give him a hint, and he can act on it without revealing the source of his information. He is an official with specified duties, without the coroner's latitude to shirk them.

The law and the best methods of reform are carefully set forth in the Select Committee's Report; the need of reform was underlined in Klosowski's case, and is doubly so in Smith's. Of course, the *medecin verificateur* costs money, and, if he was established here, each ratepayer would be a few pence the poorer every year. Those few pence would buy him the reasonable assurance that he would not be buried alive or murdered—or, if murdered, that his assassin duly paid the penalty. But he still prefers that he and his sons and daughters should take their chances rather than spend those pennies. While he does so, he must not be surprised if he is occasionally buried alive, or that his daughter may meet with a regrettable incident very early in her matrimonial career.